Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore,
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must releeue me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought foorth a Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom
siluer liuery, she at *Tharsus* was nu
teene yeares he sought to murder,
her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shor
the maid aboord to vs, where by h
brance, she made knowne her selfe

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, yo

Pe. What means the woman? she

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes*

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I
these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant

Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee
Earely in blustring morne, this La
shore. I opened the Coffin, found
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes*

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brou
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaisa* is re

Thai. O let me looke if he be n
to my sence bend no licentious ear
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Per*
like him you are: did you not name

Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better,
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue

Per. This, this, no more, you
makes my past miseries sport, you
ching of her lips I may melt, and
be buried a second time within the

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone

Per. Looke who kneeles heere,
burden at the sea, and call'd *Marin*

Thai. Blest, and mine owne.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND